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## you live with ghosts

by [serenfire](#)

### Summary

“You here to turn yourself in, *Flash*?” He spits the name not unlike he moans the word *Allen*, and Barry deliberately wets his lips.

“Not a chance, Detective.” Barry takes another step into Eddie’s personal space, pressing his bony hips into Eddie’s belt and his forehead connects with the muzzle of Eddie’s gun. “What are you going to do about it?”

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Alarms trill as the Flash steps over upturned seats and pieces of shattered windows, watching the occupants of the bank’s waiting area scramble back.

“Police’s ETA is twenty seconds,” Hartley says into his earpiece. “The vault’s code is 2314A. Do your thing, Allen.”

“On it,” Barry breathes, and snaps into action, elbowing through the still portraits of time-frozen guards, bashing their heads to the side and clicking the vault wheel into place. The slick chrome door slides open on its hinges, and Barry tiptoes in, running a gloved hand across the steel shelves and the piles of stacked, unmarked cash.

He can *feel* the victory in his teeth.

“Cops are running up the front door,” Hartley buzzes in his ear. Barry hears Hartley swivel his

chair lazily, still in the unmarked van out the back. “*Hey*, you’ll like this. Detective Thawne is leading the chase.”

Barry straightens, flicking through a wrapped stack of hundred dollar bills and pulling a taut smile. “*Eddie’s* on the case? Well, now I must go meet my opposers.”

“Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do,” Hartley says, and Barry would flip him off but there are no cameras in the vault, which is definitely for the best.

Barry gracefully weaves out of the vault, leaving it ajar, and trapezes through the uniformed CCPD, gently turning their guns away to stop in front of Detective Thawne.

Before the world rushes up to meet Barry, he appreciates the view. Eddie’s handgun is pointed above the unconscious bank tellers, gaze focused to Barry’s left. Barry reaches out to ruffle through Eddie’s sweat-spiked hair and flick at his cheekbone before time snaps, and all the handguns instantly retrain on the speedster.

Eddie gives Barry a quick once-over, lingering on the way the tight leather pulls at his thighs and accentuates his crotch. His eyelids twitch as he, too, retrains his gun on Barry’s head.

“You here to turn yourself in, *Flash*?” He spits the name not unlike he moans the word *Allen*, and Barry deliberately wets his lips.

“Not a chance, Detective.” Barry takes another step into Eddie’s personal space, pressing his bony hips into Eddie’s belt and his forehead connects with the muzzle of Eddie’s gun. “What are you going to do about it?”

He reaches up to brush a stray strand of hair out of Eddie’s face, and Eddie blinks to cover his blush.

From behind him, another barrel taps against Barry’s head and Detective West says, “You’ve got nowhere to run, *Flash*.”

Barry laughs, expelling the adrenaline from his throat, and wraps his arms around Eddie. “And *you’re* down a Detective, *Detective*, so how does it feel?”

With that, Barry sprints back to the vault, Eddie held tightly against his chest. He lies Eddie down beside his duffel bag and the fallen wads of money, and pulls the vault door close. It clicks shut, and time slows down again.

Eddie sits up, fully drinking in the sight of Barry, his handgun discarded. He makes the most of being on the cold tile floor, lounging and spreading his legs, lolling his head. “Hey, stranger,” he drawls, and Barry flicks up an eyebrow.

“Hartley,” Barry says, not taking his eyes off the gorgeous man in front of him, “how long before the police unlock the vault?”

Eddie rolls his tongue over his teeth, half smirking, as Hartley types on his trashy keyboard and says, “Well, they’re going to have to call the manager for the code, and she’s on her honeymoon, and guess what -” Hartley viscosly presses *Enter*. “Her phone is experiencing technical difficulties. You’ve got fifteen minutes, minimum.”

“Thanks,” Barry says, and strips his mask off, tossing it in the corner as he moves to straddle Eddie. “Are you going to keep track of the time, Detective, or should I?”

Eddie grabs hold of Barry’s hips as he settles over the other man, staring at the skintight leather

doing nothing to hide Barry's obvious bulge. "I'll do it."

Barry leans over him even more, gloved hands unbuttoning Eddie's shirt and the bulletproof vest beneath it, revealing Eddie's flushed and bare chest. "You waxed it, yeah?"

Eddie licks his lips again, and Barry's eyes zero in on them.

"Yeah," he manages. "Allen, would you just -" He leans in for a kiss, but Barry pulls back.

"We only have fifteen minutes, Thawne," Barry rolls his eyes. "How about we do something that counts?" With that, he leans down and licks a line over Eddie's nipple, perky and pink, and the patch of pec Barry knows is freshly devoid of hair.

Eddie breathes out at once as Barry bites his nipple and sucks on it, rolling it around in his mouth.

Eddie's sound of pleasure rests deep in his throat as a commotion slams against the vault door.

"What do you think that was?" Barry mumbles against his skin, sucking bites lower down the warm lines of Eddie's abdomen.

"They probably just realized we're both in here." He's surprisingly okay with this, given that Barry is trailing hickeys down to his belt.

Barry looks up at Eddie's face, making quick work of his belt with the smooth leather gloves that would look *amazing* on Eddie's cock. "Wanna make it increasingly obvious what we're doing?" he grins, and pulls Eddie's zipper down between his swollen, luscious lips.

Eddie nods like he's desperate. "Anytime now would be great, Allen. Thirteen minutes."

So Barry picks him up, tossing Eddie's shirts to the corner, and leans him against the wall, next to the stacks of cash. An image flashes into his mind of him fucking Eddie surrounded by the money, dollar bills sticking to Eddie's raw ass as Barry pushes in.

Instead of this, though, Barry just slides Eddie's pants and briefs down his legs, admiring the way Eddie's unshaven, muscular thighs contrast his silky smooth stomach and his aching hard cock.

Barry kneels on the floor, spreading his knees and presenting Eddie with the most beautiful sight he's seen. He flicks his head to the walkie talkie static outside the vault and grins, visibly tucking his teeth in, before turning back and taking all of Eddie in at once, settling next to Eddie's pubes and thigh muscles as the cock pulses at the back of his throat.

Eddie doesn't hold back a moan, smacking his forehead against the wall and breathing in with stilted whispers, shoving a fist against his mouth, but not before someone outside the door says, "What the *fuck*?"

Barry pulls all the way out, letting Eddie's cock bob against his face and smear saliva on his lips, before bursting out in a giggle, dimples showing. Eddie smiles back at him and reaches out to smooth Barry's hair.

Barry holds Eddie's hips firmly with his still-gloved hands and, while looking up at the Detective, wraps his lips around Eddie's length and slides back down, stopping halfway to hollow his cheeks and slurp at Eddie's cock, starting a lazy roll up and down, obscene sounds echoing in the back of his throat and reverberating off Eddie.

Eddie *whimpers*, threading his fingers through Barry's short brown hair and pressing him closer. Barry complies, not entirely passive as he's still restraining Eddie from jerking into his throat.

Barry stares into Eddie's eyes as he pulls off and tongues at Eddie's slit, licking up Eddie's precome and spreading it around the head.

Eddie groans again, and whispers, "Can you - touch me with your gloves?"

Barry grins at him, filthy. "You have a leather kink, Thawne?"

"I - it's a kink for *you*, I think," Eddie says, and he's not conscious of the words escaping his mouth as Barry wraps a glove around his cock, almost as red and blood-filled as Barry's hands, and presses Eddie's cock against his stomach, where precome drips down his abdomen.

Barry's smirking as he lolls out his tongue and licks a stripe from Eddie's balls to head in super speed, the warm suction drawing forth more precome that Barry dutifully laps up, spreading it over his teeth like a fucking challenge.

"*Fuck*," Eddie manages.

"Anything else you would like me to do?" Barry asks innocently, like he didn't just ruin Eddie's world.

"Move your hands," Eddie gasps, and closes his eyes at the *pleasure* when Barry slides the palm of his hand, held flat, up Eddie's cock, following the path of his tongue and slowly rubbing circles over the head, saliva and precome sliding between his fingers on the crimson fabric.

Barry hollows his hand as he slides it back down Eddie's cock and up again, squelching.

"*Fuck*, harder," Eddie hisses as he grasps at shelves for balance. Barry grins, pumping Eddie at a pace simultaneous with his heartbeat, twisting over the head at the end to illicit a violent toe curl and moan.

Barry edges into a blur, with nothing quite in focus but the shiny, swollen end of Eddie's cock that pulses and leaks. Barry slides the precome back down his shaft and onto his balls, and reaches behind Eddie to rim his ass with one dripping finger.

Eddie almost comes right there, and bats Barry's hand off with a shaky, "I don't want to be finished."

Barry quirks an eyebrow. "How much time do we have left, Thawne? Five minutes? Maybe *I* want you finished now." He growls the last sentence so authoritatively that Eddie swallows and nods incoherently.

He can do that.

Barry says, "I want you to come on my face, okay?" and resumes pumping Eddie before he can respond, gloved leather hand a verifiable blur on Eddie's cock. Waves of pleasure roll onto Eddie as Barry pumps and opens his mouth slightly, *invitingly*.

Eddie comes, watching as his cock spouts into Barry's perfect, come-stained mouth, and notices how Barry catches all of it.

Eddie takes deep breaths as Barry slowly stands with a mouthful of come and stares Eddie in the eye as he swallows it, loudly and expressively, facial expressions challenging even as come drips out of the corner of his mouth.

Eddie wipes it off, and his cock makes a valiant effort to get hard again.

Barry slams his hands against either side of Eddie's head, and leans in for a possessive, filthy kiss, devouring Eddie's mouth and twirling his magnificent tongue around before breaking it. He whispers in Eddie's ear, "I'm really not going to last long, if you don't mind..."

Eddie palms at Barry's tight leather leggings, pulling them down and exposing Barry's own cock when he covers it with his hand. Barry whines and sucks on the side of Eddie's neck, wrapping his body around Eddie and starting to thrust against his hand.

"Fuck, Eddie," Barry says, gasping for air. "*Fuck*, just like that."

Eddie makes his hand tighter for Barry to thrust against, and for long seconds nothing is heard but the snap-squelch of Barry's cock, and Barry moans, high-pitched and needy, coming all over Eddie's hand.

Eddie slicks Barry's cock with his own come, continuing the motions until Barry whines from oversensitivity and pulls away, panting heavily.

"How much time do we have left?" Barry breathes.

"Not much."

Barry pulls Eddie's pants back on and grabs his other clothes. "You have to look presentable when they break in here, guns blazing," he says, and shimmies his own leather back on.

Eddie notes in satisfaction that Barry's glove is still coated in drying come, and watches as Barry puts his mask back on and collects bank money from the vault in his duffle bag.

"*Finally*," Hartley sighs in Barry's ear. "Not that listening to your happy noises wasn't entertaining, but the police got through my 3G block. A minute later and you would be toast."

"Well, I'm not," Barry replies, and his voice is *wrecked*.

"You have to leave pretty soon. Say your goodbye."

Barry turns to Eddie, who tucks his gun into his waistband. "See you around, yeah?" he says as a renewed commotion echoes outside the vault door.

Eddie nods. "Sooner rather than later, Allen."

Barry smirks, mock saluting him. "Roger that, Detective."

The vault door bursts open, and Barry leaves in a streak of scarlet lightning.

The police officers look bewildered at the state of the vault as they pour in, guns raised.

All Eddie can do is laugh.

## End Notes

I like to think I blog things of worth on my [tumblr](#).

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